

Mr. CHAFEE, escorted by Mr. REED, advanced to the desk of the Vice President; the oath prescribed by law was administered to him by the Vice President, and he subscribed to the oath in the Official Oath Book.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Congratulations, Senator.

[Applause, Senators rising.]

The VICE PRESIDENT. The majority leader.

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, I officially welcome the new junior Senator from the State of Rhode Island, Senator LINCOLN CHAFEE.

I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. GRAMM. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. ALBARD). Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, this is a historic day for America, for the Senate, for the citizens of Rhode Island, and for the family of the late Senator John Chafee. I ask unanimous consent now—and I am joined in this unanimous-consent request by Senator LINCOLN CHAFEE, who was just sworn in as United States Senator for the State of Rhode Island—that remarks given at his funeral by Senator Chafee's son, Zechariah Chafee, entitled "The Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of John Chafee," October 30, 1999, be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

REFLECTION OF ZECHARIAH CHAFEE

(A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of John Hubbard Chafee, October 30th, 1999)

What a man! What a life!

Come with me. Let us look at how he lived, and what he was made of. John Chafee said at times that the great shapers of his life were his parents, the Boy Scouts, his wrestling, the United States Marine Corps, the U.S. Senate, and above all, his own family.

From his parents, an upright Yankee, a vivacious Scot, he without a doubt drew his graciousness toward me, women and children of all walks of life. From them as well came his decency and keen sense of the difference between right and wrong.

As for the scouts, not only was he an industrious member of a Providence troop as a boy, but it seems he kept a scout handbook in his Senate office! Examining Article 8 of the Scout law of his day, one finds this stricture: A scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties! Is this how he came by his trademark good cheer?

I must say though that his skeptical children had some problem reconciling the cautionary scout motto "be prepared," with my father's brisk assertion. "It will all work out, stick with me—here we go!"

But with him in charge, it usually did work out—and even if it did not, it was still fun!

At the Providence Country Day school, he began his wrestling career, which he

furthered at Yale when he captained the freshmen team. Wrestling called forth the qualities, so many of you have come to know. The tenacity, the willingness to give it his all.

The sheer love of the contest. The will to victory and the confidence that goes with it. Remember, that on the wrestling mat, it's one man's struggle with another. There are no excuses. But just as important to note—there was a team—and he was the captain. The man to who others looked—the inspirer, the leader.

Following Yale, he went on to wrestle AAU. Now, some time when you're riffling through your back issues of "Body Builder" magazine, circa 1948, you might look up his citation as an All-American wrestler. And when you next pass through Stillwater, Oklahoma, drop in at the National Wrestling Hall of Fame. You'll find his picture on the wall.

It has been said that as a boy, Johnny Chafee had a poster in his room featuring a jut-jawed marine on the move, rifle in hand and bearing the legend "US Marines—First to Fight."

December 7th, 1941 gave Chafee that chance. He left Yale and headed for Parris Island. As the new recruits arrived and stepped down a company street in the soft southern night, from the windows of the surrounding barracks came the jeering call—"You'll be sorry! You'll be sorry!"

But he never was.

Look at a globe someday. Run your finger northeast from the upper shoulder of Australia in the Solomon Island chain and you'll find the Island of Guadalcanal.

Here on August 7th, 1942, 19 year old private first class John Chafee waded to shore with the first marine division. It was America's first step on the long, lethal ladder that would lead to Tokyo. You recalled the story of the battle—how the Navy fleet, supporting Marines, weighed anchor and sailed over the horizon, leaving the division alone in far off hostile seas.

The world watched and wondered about the fate of the Marines. The world need not have doubted, as my father once explained, "In the foxholes at night, on the jungle patrols and in the roar of battle, what bound these men together—what drove them on, was not patriotic zeal, but rather the confidence that they were all Marines. That the man to the left, the man to the right was a U.S. Marine. My father said that in that far perimeter, far from any help, he had no doubt that the Marines would prevail, come what may. That was that famous "esprit de corps"—and he would carry it with him for the rest of his life.

He lived by the teachings of the Corps. Leadership by example. Self-discipline. The knowledge that success often requires audacity and risk. The conviction that when given a mission—no matter how disagreeable—one doesn't complain or delay, but gets started and presses on 'til the end.

There are other qualities as well. With John Chafee the phrase "Gung-Ho" leaps to mind. My dictionary defines this as extremely enthusiastic and dedicated, but goes on to note that this World War II Marine Corps motto derives from a Chinese word meaning "work together".

Work together.

Wasn't that motto a guiding light for my father's entire public service?

Once a Marine always a Marine.

In a few minutes, as John Chafee's mortal remains are carried from this church, the organ will sound the triumphant cords of the Marine Corps Hymn.

From heaven . . . he will be listening.

I know he'll hear it! At war's end, my father completed his studies at Yale Law and went off to Harvard Law. About that time, a cousin described for him, a trio of lovely sisters from Long Island's north shore. The Coates girls!

"Save one for me," he urged.

It took a bit of a chase, but in November of 1950, Ginny Coates, in white veil and gown, stepped toward him down the church's aisle. She has been the beating heart of our family, the sustainer of her man and her children ever since.

My father found legal practice in Providence stifling. So in 1951 there came a telegram from the Corps, recalling him to combat duty in Korea. He kicked his heels together and whooped! It was as Commanding Officer of Dog Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines that Chafee came into his own. Lt. James Brady in his memoirs. *The Coldest War*, had this to say.

"You learned from men like Chafee, a Yalie with a law degree from Harvard, who came from money, a handsome, patrician man, physically courageous and tireless. From all that could have come arrogance, snobbery. He possessed neither of those traits; he was only calm and vigorous, and efficient, usually cheerful, decent and humane, a good man, a fine officer."

Following combat in Korea, Chafee jumped into Rhode Island politics and won a seat in the Rhode Island legislature. Also in the space of the next 10 years, he fathered six children. Now one might observe that for a Protestant with political hopes in the most heavily Catholic state in the country, it did not hurt to "get with the program."

In 1962, and at age 39, he pitched his hat in the ring for Governor, running as a Republican in a state with the highest percentage of Democrats in the nation. Now that's optimism!

See if you recognize some familiar qualities in the Providence Sunday Journal endorsement of John Chafee for governor 37 years ago.

"He has been demonstrating an awareness that government belongs to the people—not the politicians. He has been modest in his claims. He has been careful and honest in taking positions. He has brought fresh thinking to old problems. He has been unassuming in his presentations, in that he neither hectors nor lectures."

Some things never change.

If they missed anything, it was his cyclonic energy and his political courage. Those qualities would be quickly revealed.

Chafee would win his race by a mere 398 votes out a total of 327,506 votes cast. Now, at the Duke of Wellington once confided after the battle of Waterloo, "It was a damn close run thing."

John Chafee hit the Governor's office with the force of a gale.

He saw government as a way we work together, to meet the needs and solve the problems of our common lives. And he was only too happy to lead the way.

In the many tributes of the last few days, you've read and heard of his achievements. He loved the job and made it great fun for those around him of all ages. He governed exuberantly. For instance, he delighted in directing his pilot to give visiting school children rides in the official state helicopter. This led to complaints by a scrooge in state government. There then appeared in the paper a cartoon, which hangs today on my parents wall at home.

In it, the angry official shakes his hand skyward, where a helicopter buzzes merry

children hanging from skids and doors, and a gleeful John Chafee—big chin magnified—happily manning the controls.

Before we lay him to rest, I know my father would love it if I just described a few scenes from his family's life together.

Stand beside him in the crowd, at the fence of the horse show ring, as my sister Tribbie canters in on her lovely pony, Puck. Girl and pony flow round the ring and ripple over the jumps. They'll take the state championship that day.

Now see him at the helm of *Windway* as she runs before a slight southwesterly off Beavertail. He tosses a long line astern. His children dive and clutch it, shooting along behind the boat like mini torpedoes.

Have a seat now at the big dinner table at Stonecroft, his summer house on the coast of Maine. Listen, as he polls the table, questioning one by one his happy guests on the issues of the day.

"What's your position on the flag burning amendment? Should we give up the Panama Canal?" And more recently, "what would you do with the budget surplus?"

Doesn't he make you think?

It's a summer morn' in Maine. The day's still cool from the night before. There he is over by the flagpole, the banner in his hand. See that cluster of small children by his side—some towheaded, some dark? His grandchildren! Little hands reach up to tug the line—little faces look aloft. It's up! The Stars and Stripes float on the morning air!

See him now on the summer deck of the two room cabin with the wood stove, where he and mother live when they're back in Rhode Island.

It's evening, the sun sweeps low over the meadows on the far side of the river. The air is still, the tide is high. Egrets hunt along the marshy shallows. Ginny has brought cheese and crackers to the table. A bourbon glows amber in his glass.

They speak easily together, bound by the love of nearly fifty years.

In closing, as I look out on our President and upon John Chafee's many Senate friends, I recall a large color photograph on my father's office wall. In it, Senator Dole, eyes twinkling, cracks a joke as President Reagan, John Chafee and Senator Alan Simpson bend an ear, amusement alight on their faces.

After the event, my father obtained a copy of the photo, and at a later meeting with the President, slid it down the table towards him and asked him if he'd sign it.

Without missing a beat, Reagan penned a line and slid it back.

It read simply, "John—Some time it is fun, isn't it?"

Some time it is fun, isn't it?

Dad, when you were around, it sure was.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I want to read the first paragraph of the statement given by Zechariah Chafee:

What a man. What a life. Come with me. Let us look at how he lived and what he was made of. John Chafee said at times that the great shapers of his life were his parents, the Boy Scouts, his wrestling, the United States Marine Corps, the United States Senate and, above all, his own family.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Rhode Island.

Mr. REED. May I be recognized for 2 minutes?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. REED. Mr. President, I thank and commend the Senator from Virginia for his very thoughtful introduction of those remarks. Like so many in our body, we were in that church. Zech Chafee's words rang so true—the clarification call about his father, his service to this great Nation.

Also, I join Senator WARNER in saying this is a very proud day for the Chafee family. They are proud of the accomplishments of Senator John H. Chafee and proud of the commitment to public service of Lincoln Chafee. I am pleased and proud to join my colleague from Virginia in this request. I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The majority leader.

FINANCIAL SERVICES MODERNIZATION ACT OF 1999—CONFERENCE REPORT—Continued

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, let me just take a moment at this time, if the Senator would allow me.

When the history is written of this session of Congress, it will probably identify this piece of legislation as the single biggest achievement. I have heard this financial services modernization issue discussed for my entire career in the Congress, which is now up to 27 years. It has been tried by Republicans, by Democrats in the Congress, House and Senate, administrations of both parties. It never quite occurred.

I think it is appropriate we commend all of those who have been involved in this process for bringing us to this moment. This legislation is going to pass overwhelmingly. It is going to bring us into the modern era of financial services. It is going to allow us to be more equally competitive around the world.

I think we should properly note what has happened. If today's papers are any indication, we passed major trade legislation yesterday and it didn't even make the first section of one of the papers in this city; it wound up in the business section. It was hardly noted, the effort that was put into passing that major free trade legislation. I hope that will not be the case with this major legislation.

So for all those involved—I won't begin at the top and go to the bottom—obviously Secretary Rubin was involved in earlier discussions; Alan Greenspan was involved; Secretary Summers has been involved. The administration did stay engaged when they could have said we are not going to talk anymore. Leaders in both the House and the Senate, the elected leadership, Democrats and Republicans on both sides of the aisle, on both sides of the Capitol worked to make this happen.

Let me say for the record—I know, because I watched it very carefully and had some meetings which, I think, helped give it some momentum, some

impetus—it would not be where it is today, it would not have been achieved, without the leadership of the senior Senator from Texas, Mr. GRAMM. He has done a masterful job. Many people said: It won't happen. Many people said: He will kill it. I kept saying: No; you wait. He will make this happen through thick or thin. It will get done.

It is being done. To take nothing away from all those involved—including the ranking member of the committee, Senator SARBANES of Maryland, who was actively involved—I have to note, with a lot of appreciation and gratitude, the tremendous leadership of the Senator from Texas. I don't think he can probably ever replicate this effort again. So I think that at this time we should express our appreciation because it is a monumental achievement.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. FITZGERALD). The Senator from Texas.

Mr. GRAMM. Mr. President, I appreciate that. I know it is going to cost me something big, but I am very grateful for it. As I said last night, one of the reasons we were successful, one of the reasons this bill is as good as it is, is that I have had the very strong support of TRENT LOTT and our leadership. Having their support is like having a stone wall to your back in a gun fight: You can still get killed, but nobody is going to shoot you in the back. That has been very beneficial. TRENT LOTT's willingness to say we are going to follow this path, whether it leads us to success or failure, is really what has led us to success.

I appreciate those kind comments and yield the floor.

Mr. SARBANES addressed the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Maryland.

Mr. SARBANES. Mr. President, are we back on the bill?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. We are back on the bill.

Mr. SARBANES. I yield 10 minutes of my time to the distinguished Senator from North Carolina.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from North Carolina is recognized.

Mr. EDWARDS. Mr. President, I rise today in support of the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act. This legislation is of critical importance to America and will benefit our nation's financial services companies and American consumers. Quite simply, I believe it helps pave the way to our continued economic prosperity.

This legislation will ensure stronger consumer protections in the rapidly changing and consolidating world of financial services. The legislation is important to consumers, because the industry is already changing dramatically, but through regulatory backdoors and without much-needed consumer protections. Banks, securities firms, and insurance companies—